StormWatch: Team Achilles
#16 “Say Farewell to Wall Street”
Written by Micah Ian Wright
First Draft
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PAGE 1

PANEL ONE

Exterior, NYC, Wall Street. Wall Street between the NY Stock Exchange building and the Federal Building opposite of it. It’s a narrow little road with a few parked Fedex and UPS delivery trucks, but no traffic. Civilians all over the place. Look in the reference page... there’s a BRILLIANT link to the NYSE webpage complete with panoramic 360-degree photos of the street AND inside the NYSE.

In the foreground, a StormWatch teleporter portal is open with a boot coming out of it.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Wall Street, New York City

PANEL TWO

Downshot on the portal from behind the huge columns in the front fascade of the NYSE. Two Suiciders watch the StormWatch crew step out of the portal. The Suiciders are heavily armed. One of them is already aiming at the StormWatch crew

SUICIDER
(into radio)
Sir, StormWatch is here. Over.

CITIZEN SOLDIER (OVER RADIO)
Delay them. We’re still putting on our show in here. Over.

SUICIDER
Affirmative sir. God Bless America. Out.

PANEL THREE

Streetside. The StormWatchers dodge machine gun fire. All of them but Flint who stands there, absorbing punishment. Several innoncents are cut down by the hail of bullets.

JUKKO
Incoming fire!

SANTINI
Golovin! Pinckney!

PAGE 2

PANEL ONE

Golovin hides beind the wheel well of a delivery truck. Huge holes are being blown out of the metal around the hood, door and fenders all around her.

GOLOVIN
Nyet, Santini, I'm pinned! Pinckney?

PANEL TWO

Pinckney hides behind Flint, his rifle sighted through Flint's arm (her fists are on her hips).

PINCKNEY
One moment, please... I'm busy just now.

PANEL THREE

Rifle sight. One of the crazed suiciders (bank robbery outfit) blazes away, screaming silently at the SW team.

PINCKNEY (O.S.)
Oh, there you are...

PANEL FOUR

Rifle sight. The suicider's eyes roll back in his head, his body slack as Pinckney pops him just under the nostril.

SOUND F/X
Kraaak!

PINCKNEY
And there you go. Brain stem shot. Instant Ragdoll.

PINCKNEY
And your friend?

PAGE 3

PANEL ONE

Suicider's downshot POV. Camera behind the Suicider, shooting over his shoulder. In the far background down below, muzzle-flash from Pinckney, a tiny dot behind the stark-still Flint. In the foreground, the back of the Suicider's head explodes towards camera as Pinckney slams one home.

SOUND F/X
(smaller)
Krraaaaaaak

PANEL TWO

Pinckney stands up, smiling.

PINCKNEY
You can all come out now. The ruffians have been put down.

PINCKNEY
Nice bit of shooting, if I say so myself.

PANEL THREE

Suicider downshot pov. One of the obviously dead Suiciders, his empty skull lolling disjointedly to the side, trains a RPG towards Team Achilles. In the background, everyone comes out from behind their cover (mailboxes, stalled cars, a hot dog vendor cart, etc.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

An RPG Rocket streaks downwards towards StormWatch...

SOUND F/X
Fuuwhooooosh!

PAGE 4

PANEL ONE

The rocket hits the sidewalk in front of Flint and explodes. UGLY.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Smoke clearing. The street is fucked up. Flint is unscratched. Her uniform is shredded, though, her breasts almost popping out of her torn shirt. We need some skin here, CP!

Behind Flint, Pinckney huddles in a tiny ball close to the ground.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

In the foreground, Pinckney checks to see if his arms and legs are all in one piece. He's overjoyed.

In the midground, Flint bends over and yanks up a piece of broken pavement the side of a skateboard.

PINCKNEY
I'm alive? I'm Alive! Hahahaha! I'm ALIVE!

PANEL FOUR

Flint, pissed, hefts the piece of broken pavement.

FLINT
Second uniform in a week these people have destroyed. Don't they understand how expensive good leather is?

PANEL FIVE

Flint spins and hurls the broken pavement like it was a discus.

FLINT
Hhhuuurhnn!

PAGE 5

PANEL ONE

The Suicider is torn in half below the armpits by the thrown pavement.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Pinckney looks up at the dead Suiciders through his rifle sights. Golovin sneers at Pinckney.

PINCKNEY
Nice shot, Flint!

GOLOVIN
Maybe it wouldn't have been necessary if you'd made a proper kill shot.

SANTINI (O.S.)
Stow the chatter.

PANEL THREE

Everyone looks at Santini.

SANTINI
Pinckney made that guy Capital-D DEAD. That was a replay of what happened to Coleman in the Federal Reserve. These people have someone on their team who can manipulate dead bodies.

TEFIBI
Oh, that's just fucking great. We're in a zombie movie.

PANEL FOUR

Santini looks stern.

SANTINI
I want ALL kills to be put down with an emphasis on making sure they can't get back up again. Spine shots, knee shots, elbow shots, dismemberment, whatever it takes.

PANEL FIVE

StormWatch charge towards the doors of the NYSE.

SANTINI
Now, two by two through the front door. Let's go kill these sons of bitches.

PAGE 6

PANEL ONE

Santini and crew riddle two Suiciders next to the security station with bullets. One of them falls backwards towards the briefcase x-ray machine.

SOUND F/X
Brakbrakbrakbrakbrak!

PANEL TWO

Santini and crew walk through the security station metal detectors, all of which go off due to the fact that the SW Crew are all strapped to the gills.

One of the guards has fallen backwards onto the briefcase x-ray machine belt and his shin-deep into the machine which has a sign on it which says “Please remove all metal objects from pockets and deposit in tray” on it.

SOUND F/X
Beepbeepbeepbeepbeep!

PANEL THREE

Tefibi passes through the security site. Behind him, the x-ray machine monitor shows the Suicider’s chest and head with thousands of rounds in it and all of the bones extremely damaged.

TEFIBI
The trading floor should be just ahead!

PANEL FOUR

Santini and crew burst through huge wooden double-doors. Looks of horror and revulsion on their faces. Punch the emotion, CP!

TEFIBI
Oh, you gotta be fucking kidding me!

PAGE 7

PANEL ONE

Big panel. Use that NYSE web page to get a good view of the trading floor. All over the place are suit-and-tie wearing stock traders, covered with blood, their eyes wide and crazed, fighting, killing and strangling one another.

TEFIBI
(small)
What'd I tell you? Fucking Zombie Movie.

PANEL TWO

On the crew, they look around, trying to figure out what's going on.

CITIZEN SOLDIER (O.S.)
(big type... on loudspeakers)
Do you like it? It's serenely appropriate, don't you think?

SANTINI
Anyone? Location?

FLINT
Up there!

PAGE 8

PANEL ONE

Upshot onto the Bell Platform (go to the NYSE webpage!). This is the platform where the little man in the suit rings the bell every day and closes the trading day (you see it on Headline News every day after 1pm). Citizen Soldier stands here on the edge of the platform, holding a microphone, looking down on the StormWatch crew. This should seem pretty imposing and cool.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
All they cared about was money. Cheating one another, robbing one another, screwing one another over to get more money. And now they've crossed the final frontier: killing one another for it. They're in Heaven! It's the law of the jungle!

PANEL TWO

Santini and crew aim their weapons upwards at Citizen Soldier. Tefibi snaps photos with his Canon Elph camera.

JAEGER
(small)
What's the order of attack, Sir?

SANTINI
(small)
Spread out, keep a bead on him, don't fire unless I tell you to. Tefibi, put down that camera and go see if you can get the exchange shut down and any of the damage repaired.

PANEL THREE

Citizen Soldier's downshot POV. The crew spreads out.

SANTINI
(yelling upwards)
Citizen Soldier, by the authority invested in me by the United Nations and the International Criminal Court, you are under arrest. Now put down your weapons and surrender or we will open fire.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
I'm not an idiot! Your jurisdiction isn't applicable in the United States unless you're specifically called in by the President-

PAGE 9

PANEL ONE

Upshot onto the gleefully sinister face of Citizen Soldier. He should look pretty freaking creepy as he smiles.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
-And I happen to know that Ku Klux Klown is too busy trying to save his pathetic career at just this moment to worry about something so small as the meltdown of the entire world financial system.

PANEL TWO

Tefibi types at a keyboard as everyone else continues their Mexican showdown in the background.

SANTINI (O.S.)
What's the point of all this?

CITIZEN SOLDIER (O.S.)
Isn't it obvious? I'm leading an organized rebellion against a tyrannical government as is my right as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. This morning I carried out a political decapitation strike against your President and now I've kneecapped the Economy of this great and powerful Babylon.

TEFIBI
(small, to himself)
Blah blah blah. AHA!

CITIZEN SOLDIER (O.S.)
Hey! None of that!

PANEL THREE

A huge round metal shield slams off the floor to Tefibi's side and bounces into his computer, smashing his monitor and ricochets off-screen (just draw speed lines indicating the path of the shield and then draw part of it as it flies off-panel -- see those old Kirby Caps).

SOUND F/X
(where the shield hits the floor)
Tangkt!

SOUND F/X
(at Tefibi's screen)
Krraaaaash!

TEFIBI
Holy shit!

9 CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Santini shouts at the crew.

SANTINI
NOW! Before the shield bounces back!

PANEL FIVE

The StormWatchers fire upwards.

SOUND F/X
BrakBrakBrakBrakBrak

PAGE 10

PANEL ONE

Too slow. The shield bounces off the ground and into the crouched Citizen Soldier’s arms, blocking the StormWatch gunfire.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Too slow by half, StormWatch!

PANEL TWO

Dramatic huge almost-full-page upshot on Citizen Soldier diving from the top of the Bell Platform, plunging towards Santini and crew. He smiles as he hurtles downwards towards camera, holding his shield out in front of him to protect him from gunfire.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Maybe if I was closer?

PAGE 11

PANEL ONE

Citizen Soldier lands on top of his shield, right on top of Santini, flattening him.

SANTINI

Whuugh!

CITIZEN SOLDIER

Try it now.

PANEL TWO

Jukko and Jaeger speed towards Citizen Soldier...

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

Who throws his shield at them, catching Jaeger RIGHT IN THE FACE, shattering his face beneath the mask... draw the mask with a huge dent inwards from now on.

JAEGER

Aaaaghk!

PANEL FOUR

In the BG, Jaeger rolls on the floor, clutching his face, blood streaming out from under his mask. In the foreground Jukko and Citizen Soldier warily square off against one another in low crouches.

JUKKO

Let’s see how good you are.

CITIZEN SOLDIER

You sure you up for this, Jukko? 210 years gave me a lot of time to practice.

PAGE 12

PANEL ONE

Check those Cap books. This should play like one of those great Cap fights.

Jukko grabs for Citizen Soldier, snagging his wrist.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Not bad... you're pretty fast.

PANEL TWO

Citizen falls backwards, his feet on the floor, his body bending backwards like a reed.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
For a human.

JUKKO
Heh?

PANEL THREE

Citizen Soldier kicks the off-balance Jukko in the stomach.

JUKKO
Whhuuughh!

PANEL FOUR

Jukko flies away backwards smashing Pinckney between himself and the wall of maddened brokers behind him.

PAGE 13

PANEL ONE

In the background, Pinckney and Jukko disentangle themselves. The maddened brokers behind them continue to buy, sell and punch one another.

In the foreground, Santini struggles to his hands and knees, unclipping a small Skorpion-esque mini-machine pistol from a thigh holster.

SANTINI
Put an end to this bullshit...

PANEL TWO

Santini aims his machine pistol towards the Soldier. The Soldier's back is still turned.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

The soldier's shield speeds towards Santini's face.

SANTINI
Hah?

PANEL FOUR

The shield tears Santini's machine pistol in half, still speeding towards his face, 4 inches from cutting his head in half.

SANTINI
Fuck.

PAGE 14

PANEL ONE

Flint’s arm speeds into scene. Speed blur.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Flint holds Citizen Soldier’s shield an inch from Santini’s face.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

Santini’s POV upshot on Flint. She smiles down at him.

FLINT
Making a habit out of saving your ass, Sir.

PANEL FOUR

Flint’s POV downshot on Santini.

SANTINI
Give him his shield back.

PAGE 15

PANEL ONE

Flint unwinds the shield at Citizen Soldier...

FLINT

Catch.

PANEL TWO

The disc speeds toward Citizen...

CITIZEN SOLDIER

Uh...

PANEL THREE

Who flips sideways over the speeding shield...

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

And lands on his feet in an exciting pose. Smiling.

CITIZEN SOLDIER

Santini! You’re working with Superpowered Beings now? I see an old dog CAN learn new tricks!

PAGE 16

PANEL ONE

Reaction shot on Santini. Shocked, horrified.

SANTINI
(small, whispering)
Fuck. He knows my name. He knew we were coming.

PANEL TWO

Santini shouts over his shoulder.

SANTINI
(big font, shouting)
Tefibi! Get us the fuck out of here!

PANEL THREE

Tefibi crouches beneath one of the trading counters. Maddened crazies swarm all around him. He’s installing a machine under the desk... we see it again later, so be sure to plant this very obviously. It blinks with RED LIGHTS.

TEFIBI
We can get away from these fucking Zombie motherfuckers? I thought you’d never fucking ask!

PANEL FOUR

Santini looks at Citizen Soldier.

SANTINI
This is a diversion.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Yes.

SANTINI
What from?

PAGE 17

PANEL ONE

3 tall, thin panels... same shot, pushing in from panel to panel (I'm going to call this a 3-panel zoom from now on... I stole it from Joe Kubert's Sgt. Rock Comics).

Citizen Soldier smiles.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Clearing and settlement activities for the proper functioning of the government securities markets are managed by two banks: JP Morgan Chase and the Bank of New York each extend $1 Trillion in intraday credit.

PANEL TWO

Tall, thin, 1/3 wide. Push in closer.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
The sudden loss of these services could create a serious liquidity problem and damage public confidence in America's financial institutions and the systems upon which they borrow, invest, spend and save.

PANEL THREE

Tall, thin, 1/3 wide. Close up on Citizen Soldier.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
While I've kept you dancing here, my men have totally destroyed JP Morgan Chase and the Bank of New York and all the records therein. Get ready for runs on the banks tomorrow which make the Depression look like a child's birthday party.

PANEL FOUR

Wide, across the bottom.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
I'm disappointed in you, Santini. Here I'd heard you were such a deep planner.

PAGE 18

PANEL ONE

A blue Project Entry portal is open in the center of the floor. Jukko carries the bleeding through the portal. To either side of the entry, Galena and Pinckney cover the retreat, one facing one direction, the other facing backwards.

Tefibi in the midground.

TEFIBI
Boss? We're outta here!

SANTINI
Go. Flint and I'll come in a second. Key the portal to only accept our DNA signatures and you'll be safe.

PANEL TWO

Face Off. Santini and Citizen Soldier. CS in a boss-ass pose, fonfident, secure. Santini haggard, beaten.

SANTINI
Why?

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Because this country's rotting from the inside out. It's become what we rebelled against back in 1776: a dictatorial empire.

PANEL THREE

Santini and CS, Flint off to the side.

SANTINI
We? Oh, right, your delusions that you were there.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
You know I was.

SANTINI
Wrong. YOU weren't anywhere. Those are phantom memories of a long-dead man. You're shaming all of his actions. Is that how you want to be remembered? As a traitor who killed millions of people?

PANEL FOUR

CS smiles broadly.

18 CONTINUED:

CITIZEN SOLDIER

Oh, you're good. Problem with that line of attack is I know who I am, Santini, and what I stand for. Do YOU?

CITIZEN SOLDIER

Look whose bidding you're doing here today: a murdering Klansman who somehow became President. We're more alike than you could ever admit.

CITIZEN SOLDIER

You know, if I hadn't heard you hated SPB's so much, I would have asked you to join me.

PAGE 19

PANEL ONE

Santini smirks.

SANTINI
People who work for you have a nasty habit of getting killed.

PANEL TWO

Cs leers.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
The same could be said for you.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Or have you already forgotten Blake Coleman?

PANEL THREE

Blake Coleman's Dead Head! Horrifying!

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

Furious, Santini throws a throat-stike at Citizen Soldier's exposed Adam's apple. Blur? Speedlines? Give me a sense of movement here... like he has a chance of success.

SANTINI
Bastard!

PANEL FIVE

CS's shield slides home, protecting him. Santini's hand smashes HARD against the shield.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Go home, Santini. You can't stop me. Deep down, you know you don't want to.

PAGE 20

PANEL ONE

Santini slumps to the floor in front of Citizen Soldier, beaten.

SANTINI
I'm not like you. I'm not.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Why keep working for a Klansman who despises everything you and I stand for?

PANEL TWO

Flint's hand rests on Santini's shoulder as she wedges herself between the two men.

FLINT
Leave him alone.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
There's nothing more I could do to him. He's broken. Take him and go.

PANEL THREE

Flint & Santini limp towards the portal. Santini cradles his broken fist. He looks pathetic.

SANTINI
This isn't over.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
You're right. I've a lot more to tear down... and then I've got to rebuild it from scratch. The right way this time. It's far from over.

PANEL FOUR

Santini turns back, but looks totally wasted, shattered, broken, not scary whatsoever.

SANTINI
I'm going to kill you.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Go ahead and try... but remember that I get more powerful every time I'm reborn.

PANEL FIVE

Flint and Santini exit through the Project Entry Portal.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 21

PANEL ONE

Citizen Soldier speaks into a radio wristwatch.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
They're gone. JUMPMASTER, bring EMOTICON, DEADHEAD and me home.

JUMPMASTER (O.S.)
(radio bubble)
Aye aye, sir!

PANEL TWO

Slight upshot. A red-white-and-blue colored star-shaped teleport portal appears above Citizen Soldier's head...

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

...and moves downwards over his body... NO BODY above the star... it cuts him off in the middle of the waist.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

The portal turns off. The stockbrokers all collapse like ragdolls with their strings cut.

PANEL FIVE

A StormWatch portal opens up. Tefibi & Flint's heads stick out of it.

FLINT
He's gone.

TEFIBI
You sure?

PAGE 22

PANEL ONE

Santini strides out of the Portal, strong, upright, brave, dragging Tefibi by his shirtfront.

SANTINI
Yes, you wuss.

SANTINI
Now, with the video and audio scans I did of him when I was putting on my little show, you should have enough high-quality digital scans to find out who he is in this life.

SANTINI
Go get your box and see the other half of **Operation: Santini Cringes Like A Pussy** paid off.

PANEL TWO

Tefibi bends down under the place he was hiding earlier and pulls off the piece of equipment he put under that console. It's blinking green lights now, instead of red lights like earlier.

TEFIBI
YES! Got his ass! Three teleport signatures from this building and ten more from down the street!

SANTINI (O.S.)
That'd be his emotion manipulator and his reanimator and whatever SPB striketeam he used to take out JP Morgan and the Bank of New York.

TEFIBI
You're sure he didn't know we left a tracer behind?

PANEL TWO

Santini, smiling at Tefibi.

SANTINI
I laid it on so thick, that guy's still scraping it off his boots. How long until you can run a trace?

TEFIBI
Every teleporter has a unique energy signature... now that we know his frequency, the next time he teleports, we'll be able to pinpoint his departure and arrival points.

22 CONTINUED:

PANEL THREE

Santini. Angry smiling. Evil.

SANTINI
Then it was worth the humiliation. I guessed that his sense of good ole American fair play wouldn't let him execute us if we seemed too inefficient to stop him. We've got the intel we came for, so let's go home.

PANEL FOUR

Santini grins. Psycho! Flint rubs her fist, Tefibi plays with his computer... it's not a Splash Page, but it's the best I can do. Sorry, CP, but we need to get the info out there.

SANTINI
We've got some goddamned Traitors to kill.

REFERENCE FOR THIS ISSUE:

WALL STREET
Here's a AMAZINGLY GREAT webpage with java-enabled panoramic shots from all kinds of different areas in the NY Stock Exchange:
http://www.nyse.com/floor/1022221392907.html
Click “fascade” for the front door, then click “virtual tour” to load the quicktime circular.

THE UNITED NATIONS:

ONLINE VIRTUAL TOUR OF THE UN:
http://www.un.org/Pubs/CyberSchoolBus/untour/index.html

HERE’S A 360-DEGREE QUICKTIME OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL CHAMBER:
http://www.un.org/cyberschoolbus/untour/subsec.htm

ONLINE PHOTOS OF THE UN BUILDING:
http://www.un.org/Overview/Tours/UNHQ/#HQS-SITE

CITIZEN SOLDIER TIMELINE
1948 - HUAC kills Citizen Soldier
1955 - 7 yrs old, lynched
1972 - 17 yrs old, Hell no, I won’t go.
1973 - International Operations kills him.
2003 - 30 years old, Back with a Vengence.